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493 Tactical Fighter Squadron

Photocopied 8½ x 11 Songbook, three-hole punched for binder

Cover and ~~Table~~ Table of Contents included

Note indicating "Wally Fey" as likely contributor
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493 Tactical Fighter Squadron

Hymnal

(Selected ditties known to many for their everlasting spiritual message. This missile should be on hand at any gathering of fighter types and quoted from in direct proportion to the amount of liquid refreshment being swilled)

Sorry about the
quality of this copy -
my original is just as bad

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Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe mollie darling,
And the nipples on your tits are turning green,
There's a yard of shit protruding from your navel,
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

*On
Tape*

There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy,
And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass,
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So kindly make one, dear, and shove it up your ass.

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHIT HOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down,
Mother has promised to pay,
Mother is drunk, Father's in jail,
Sister's in a family way,
Brother dear is fucking green,
Times are fucking hard.
So, please don't burn the shithouse down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

*On
Tape*

I LOVE MY WIFE

On Tape
I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly,

I love the Hole that she pisses through.

I love her ruby red lips, her lily white tits and her nut brown asshole,

I'd eat her shit, gobble gobble, chomp chomp, with a rusty spoon.

BALLS OF O'LEARY

Tune - Bells of St. Mary's

The balls of O'leary

Are wrinkled and hairy,

They're shapely and stately,

Like the dome of St. Paul's.

The women all muster,

To view that great cluster,

They stand and they stare,

At that bloody great pair

Of O'leary's balls.

SALLY

Tune Dog named Fido

Sally in the alley sifting cinders,

Lifted up her leg and farted like a man,

Wind from her asshole broke six windows,

Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all,

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball,

But it's better than none at all, so fuck 'em all.

On tape

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,

Oh, they say I killed a man, fuck 'em all,

They say I shot him dead, with a piece of fucking lead,

Now that silly fucker's dead, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they way I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, fuck 'em all,

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, from a piece of fucking string.

What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,

Oh, the parson he will come, so fuck 'em all,

Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come,

He can shove 'em up his bum, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,

Oh the hangman wore a mask, fuck 'em all,

Oh, the hangman wore a mas, for his silly fucking task,

What a silly fucking ass, so fuck 'em all.

(OVER)

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew,
They've got fuck all else to do, so fuck 'em all.

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all,
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud, fuck 'em all.

Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, fuck 'em all,
Oh, the hangman pulled the rope, what a silly fucking joke,
Now my goddamned neck is broke, so F-U-C-K 'EM A-L-L.

SAMMY SMALL
(SEA VERSION)

Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
Oh, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we fly the goddam plane,
Through the flak and through the rain,
And tomorrow we'll do it again, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they tell us not to think, fuck 'em all,
Oh, they tell us not to think,
Just to dive and just to jink,
LBJ's a goddamn fink, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, we bombed McGia Fass, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed McGia Fass, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we bombed McGia Fass,
Though we only made one pass,
They really stuck it up our ass, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we're on a JCS, fuck 'em all,
Oh they sent the whole damn wing,
Probably half of us will sing,
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we lost our fucking way, fuck 'em all,
Oh, we strafed goddamn Hanoi,
Killed every girl and boy,
What a goddamn fucking joy, so fuck 'em all.

Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my bird got all shot up, fuck 'em all,
Oh, my bird it did get shot,
And I'll probably cry a lot,
But I still think that it's shit hot, so fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm hanging in my chute, fuck 'em all,
While I'm tangled in my chute,
Comes this silly fucking toot,
Hangs a medal on my foot, so fuck 'em all.

LITTLE BROWN MOUSE

Some Liquor was spilled on the barroom floor,
 The bar was closed for the night,
 Then out of his hole crawled a little brown mouse,
 And he sat in the Pale moon light.

*The Girl I
 Left Behind
 me*

He lapped up the liquor from the barroom floor,
 And back on his haunches he sat,
 And all night long you could hear him roar,
 BRING ON THE GODDAMNED CAT.

On Tape

MARY ANN BURNS

Oh, Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats,
 She can do the tricks that will give a guy the shits,
 She can roll a green peas round her fundamental orifice,
 Do a double somersault and catch it on her tits,
 She's a great big sone-of-a-bitch, twice as big as me,
 Hair found her ass is like the branches of a tree,
 She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
 Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

On Tape

FIREMAN

Oh, for the life of a fireman,
 To sit on a fire engine red.
 To say to a team of white horses,
 Go ahead, Go ahead, Go ahead

On Tape

(over)

FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

My father was a fireman,

He puts out fires.

My brother is a fireman,

He puts out fires.

My sister Sal is a fireman's gal,

She puts out too.

On Tape

3
RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Rip the feathers away,

Oh, rip the feathers away,

The ass of a duck,

Makes a wonderful fuck,

Then you rip the feathers away.

Rule
HAIL BRITANNIA

Hail, Britannia, Marmalade and Jam,

Three Chinese crackers up your ass, goes

BAM BAM BAM

Hail, Britannia, Marmalade and Jam,

Two Chinese crackers up your ass, goes

BAM BAM

Hail, Britannia, Marmalade and Jam,

One Chinese cracker up your ass, goes

BAM

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
Who went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,
Up went the window and out went her ass.

*Sweet Betsy
From Pike*

REFRAIN It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
It was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
Her life, it was ruined by shit, shit, shit, shit.

} *different tune
on Tape*

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,
When a great glob of shit hit him right in the eye.

REFRAIN It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
it was brown, brown, shit all around,
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
His life, it was ruined by shit, shit, shit.

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore,
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
An on London Bridge you can still see him sit,
with a sign 'round his neck saying "blinded by shit".

REFRAIN

9
*On Tape -
different tune
from original*

Beside a Laotian waterfall, one bright and sunny day,

Beside their shattered hansom, the young parashuters lay.

Their parachutes hung from a nearby tree, they were not yet quite dead.

To listen to the very last words the young parashuters said:

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,

Where whisky flows from telegraph poles, 4, 5, 6 every night.

We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing,

The crew chiefs are all women, oh death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling

Oh, death where is thy sting,

The balls of hell will ring, ling-a-ling,

For YOU but not for me.

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass,

Ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass

Ring-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass,

Better days are coming, bye and bye.

10
HOW DO YOU LASSIE

Start:--CHORUS

first verse:

There was sar ewing in the parlor,
Screwing in the hall
Screwing on the tables
And screwing on the walls.

CHORUS

T'was midnight in Killarney
Nineteen sixty six
You couldn't hear the singing
For the swishing of the dicks.

CHORUS

The haberdasher he was there
Doing this and that
Amusing himself by abusing himself
And catchin' it in his hat.

CHORUS

Oh, the village idiot he was there
Actin' quite the fool
With his foreskin on his head
He was whistlin' through his tool.

CHORUS:

How do you lassie, how do you do

I couldn't have you last night and I can't have you now

Oh the letter carrier he was there
A clumsy sort of ox
He screwed all the women
Then screwed the letter box.

CHORUS

Oh, the village cripple he was there
He couldn't do to much
He laid 'em all along the floor
And screwed 'em with his crutch.

CHORUS

Oh, the chimney sweep; oh he was there
He had to throw him out
'Cause every time he let a fart
He filled the room with soot.

CHORUS

Oh, the village butcher he was there
His cleaver in his hand
And every time he turned around
He circumcised the band

I was hanging round on's just awastin' my time,
Not on the schedule, not earnin' a dime,
When a Colonel came up and said, I suppose
You fly a fighter by the cut of your clothes.

He figures me right, I'm a good one they say,
Do you happen to have me a target today?
He said yes he does and real easy one,
Cheer up my boy, it's an old time milk run.

I gets all excited and ask where it's at,
He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat,
Just 120 miles to the northwest of home,
A small peaceful hamlet that's known as Tehepone.

I go gets my G-suit and strap on my gun,
Helmet and gloves out the door on the run,
I fire up my Phant om and take to the air,
Two's tucked-in tight, we haven't a care.

In 25 minutes we're over the town,
From 21 thousand we're screamin' or down,
Arm up the switches and dial-in the mills,
Racks up the wings and roll-in for the kill.

(over)

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below,
The destruction that's coming they surely don't know,
But the thought passes quickly, we know a war's on,
On down we screamed toward peaceful Tchepone.
Unsuspecting, peaceful, Tchepone.

Release altitude and the pipper's not right,
I'll press just a little and lay them in tight,
Then pickle those beauties at two point five grand,
Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

There's a black puff in front and two off the right,
Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight.
There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack,
Scattered to broken with all kinds of flack.

I jink hard to the left and head out for blue,
My wingman says later "they're shooting at you"
"No shit" I cried as I started toward home,
Still came the fire from the town of Tchepone.
Dirty, deadly, Tchepone.

I made it back home with six holes in my bird,
With the Colonel that sent me I'd sure like a word.
But he's nowhere around. I look near and far,
He's gone back to 7th to help win the war.

(over)

I've been round this country for many a day,
 I've seen all the shit that they're throwing my way.
 I know that there's places I don't like to fly,
 Up in Wugia and in Ban Korai.

But I bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born,
 Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone.
 Oh, don't go to Tchepone.

WHORE HOUSE PIANO

I wanna pay piano in a Whore house,
 That has been my one desire.
 Some people may be farmers, or ranchers out in Butte,
 I just wanna play in a house of ill repute.
 Don't laugh at this, my humble aspiration,
 For carnal copulation's here to stay.
 I don't want fame or riches,
 I wanna play for those old bitches,
 I wanna play piano in a whore house.

*sounds familiar
 on tape*

FIGHTER PILOT HYMN

By the ring-around his eyeball, you can tell a bombardier,
 You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread across his rear.
 You can tell a navigator by his Loran, maps and such,
 You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much.
 (over)

CHORUS

It's a lie, It's a lie,

You can tell the silly bastards it's a Lie, lie lie

It's a lie, It's a lie,

You can tell the silly bastards it's a silly fucking lie.

We fly our fucking phantoms at ten thousand fucking feet,

We fly them through the rain and snow and even through the fucking sleet.

And though we think we're flying south,

We're flying fucking north,

And we make a fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth.

CHORUS

We fly our fucking phantoms down at fifty fucking feet

We fly those fucking phantoms through the bamboo, trees and wheat

First we're flying fucking up and then we're flying fucking down,

And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground.

CHORUS

First lady forward and the second lady back,

Third lady's-finger up the fourth lady's crack.

All gather round to the center of the room,

Will the lady who just farted kindly leave the fucking room.

Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die

Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die

Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die

And you'll be the first to know it when you hit the fucking ground.

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states,
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the states.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan,
They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray,
They're all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes,
Oh, there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
The auto pilot's on, and he's reading comics in the john,
Oh, the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

(over)

Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare,
His gyros are uncaged, and his woman overaged,
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing,
The place is full of brass, sitting on their fat ass,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,
Oh, it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice.

Oh, watch the 492nd in the club,
Oh, watch the 492nd in the club,
They won't party, they can't sing, the 493rd does everything,
Oh, watch the 492nd in the club.

When a bomber jock walks into our club,
When a bomber jock walks into our club,
He doesn't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

In Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-Two
A dago from Italy
Walked the streets of old Madrid
And pissed in every alley
All night long, from midnight on.

He walked up to the Queen of Spain
And asked for ships and cargo
He waid, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch
If I don't bring back Chicago
All night long,
From midnight on

CHORUS: He thought the world was round-o

His balls hung to the ground-o
That navigatin', masturbatin'
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo

Columbo had a cabin boy
The dirty little dipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper
All night long
From midnight on

Columbo had a second mate
He loved him like a brother
They went down below the deck
And corn holed one another
All night long, From midnight on

CHORUS

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed the blue Atlantic
They spied a whore upon the shore
And the whole damn crew went frantic
All night long, from midnight on

They screwed her once

They screwed her twice

They screwed her once too often

They broke the Main spring in her ass

And now she's in her coffin

All night long, from midnight on.

CHORUS

Mexican
Ay yi yi
FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY

CHORUS: Aye, aye, aye, aye,

Fighter pilots eat pussy.

So let's have another verse

That's worse than the other verse,

And waltz me around by my willie.

A plumber named Magee

Was plumbing his girl by the sea

When all of a sudden

She said "quick, someone's coming"

Tee hee said Magee it's me.

There once was a pirate named Rates

Who fandangled on roller skates

"Till he fell on his cutlass

Which rendered him nutless

And now he is useless on dates.

There once was a man from Nantucket

Whose cock was so long he could suck it

He said with a grin

As he wiped off his chin

If my ear was a cunt I would fuck it.

There once was a hermit named Dave

Who kept a dead whore in his cave

He had to admit, it stunk like shit,

But think of the money he saved.

There once was a girl from Capri

Who was rated by an ape in a tree

The outcome was horrid

All ass and no forehead

Six balls and a purple goatee

There once was a girl from Bermuda

Who thought that no one could be shrewder

She thought it was shrewd

To neck in the nude

But Magruder was shrewder, he screwed
her.

There once was a lady from France

Who boarded a train by chance

The engineer fucked her before the
conductor

And the firman shot off in his pants

There once was a man from Savannah

With a very peculiar manner

He bored a hole

In a telephone pole

And electrocuted his banana.

There once was a man from Peru

Who fell asleep while in his canoe

He dreamed about Venus, and played with
his Penis

And awoke with a hand full of goo

*On
Tape*

There once was a man from Moline
 Who invented a jack-off machine
 On the ninety-ninth stroke
 The goddamned thing broke
 And ripped his balls to a cream

A chemistry student named Bomar
 Produced such a potent aroma
 That all in his classes
 Fell dead on their asses
 But Bomar still won his diploma

There once was a farmer named Fritz
 Who planted an acre of tits
 They came up in the fall
 Pink nipples and all
 And he literally chewed them to bits

Twas another man from Vantucket
 Who sailed the sea in a bucket
 When he got over there
 They asked for his fare
 So he pulled out his cock and said
 "suck it"

There once was a man from Algiers
 Who screwed his wife under the piers
 A fish came along
 And bit off his dong
 So he ordered a new one from Sears.

There once was a man from Boston
 Who bought himself a little red Austin
 There was room for his ass
 And a gallon of gas
 But his balls hung out and he lost them

There once was a man from Kent
 Whose cock was so long that it bent
 He put it in double
 To save him the trouble
 And instead of coming he went

There once was a man from Bel Aire
 Who screwed his girl on the stair
 The bannister broke
 So he shortened his stroke
 And finished it off in mid-air

There was a landlady from Cape Cod
 Who thought all babies came from God
 But it wasn't the Almighty
 Who lifted her nighty
 It was Roger the lodger, by God

There once was a girl from Norway
 Who hung by her heels from a doorway
 She said with a grin
 To her boy friend
 I think I've discovered one more way.

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop roll and spin, but they'll soon anger in
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just give me Operations

Way out on some lonely atoll
For I'm too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39, with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a gib hole
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots still squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me an F-Shooting Star.

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover,
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an eighty-six-D, with overdrive and TV
She'll loop, roll and span, but she'll soon auger in
Don't give me an eighty-six-D

Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it has done,
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you,
Just give me an old Fifty-one.

Just give me my old Mustang
For defending democracy's cause
For I'm too young to die
I just want to go home.